

BROKE down, old hoss! dead winded!
Wa'll that's mighty bad for me,
For as sure as the sun is over our head
I'll be hung to yon blasted tree.
Here they come! over that hillock.
Four—or—five—I can't rightly tell,
Yes, five—and I havn't a cartridge.

But perhaps it's just as well.
Old hoss! You're a pretty good one!
But you've got me into a scrape.
I should have know'd on a half-bred screw
I couldn't have made my escape.
If it hadn't aben for that letter
I'd a stuck to the ranche for a while,
And with 'poker' and 'faro' amanaged
To skin those blokes of their pile:
But that letter near drove me crazy
And I made up my mind I'd go,
And I thought this brute was good enough,
But he's turned out rather slow.
But I knew what I was adoin',
You can shoot a man in a row;
But 'out west' it's somewhat different
To steal a hoss or a cow.
Here they are! Wa'll boys, good mornin'.
I thought you was runnin' a race,
Ain't you skeered to spile the hosses
Aridin' at such a pace?"
"Wa'll, stranger!" said one of the riders,
As he sprang from his sweating steed,
"When we've finished with you, the hosses
Can take all the rest they need.